

MANY JUNE WEDDINGS IN THIS CITY AND ITS VICINITY



MRS. GUY SCOTT WARREN AND HER MATRON OF HONOR MRS. NATHANIEL BINGHAM.



MRS. EDWARD A. GILL, WYLLIE.



MRS. JEROME CHASE AND HER TWO FLOWER GIRLS, MISS JOSEPHINE UTERHART AND ALICE STEIN.

So many spring weddings are taking place that society finds its time divided between the weddings in the country and those in town. It is Saturday that is usually selected for the country marriages, as that is a day on which many can attend the ceremony. This day is also welcome to the neighborhood, as house parties are frequent wherever there is a country wedding. Then there is also the pleasure of the trip on the special train from town for those who are not invited to visit in the neighborhood.

The marriage of Reginald Ducat, son of the late Major-General Ducat of Chicago, and Miss Louise Chalmers, daughter of Dr. Thomas C. Chalmers of New York, took place in Grace Church. The church was decorated with palms, and white flowers were placed on the altar. The Rev. Dr. Charles Slattery, rector of the church, officiated.

Miss Elizabeth Ducat, a sister of the

bridegroom, was the maid of honor and wore a white satin gown having a green chiffon tulle in wide sombre stripes braided in white silk cord and a Charlotte Corday hat of green straw and satin veiled with white lace and wreathed with pink roses. Pink roses were fastened to the lower part of the corsage and she carried pink roses. The bridesmaids were the Misses Giller and Mary Byrne of New York, Miss Mildred Fearn of Washington and Miss Catherine Rice of New Haven. They wore train frocks of green satin, showing hand embroidery in white with touches of green chiffon. All carried clusters of shaded pink roses.

Dr. Davis Baker was best man and the ushers were Langdon Giller, Artemus Ward, Jr., Dr. E. T. Rolison and Frederick C. Tenner.

The marriage of Miss Meta du Pont Speed, daughter of the late Thomas A. Speed of Louisville, Ky., and Guy Scott Warren of Louisville, Ky., was celebrated at the home of the bride's stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Levey, 152 West Seventy-sixth street. The Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stiles of St. Thomas's Church performed the ceremony. The bride wore a gown of white satin veiled in white chiffon and trimmed with seed pearls. Her tulle veil, with edges of lace, which belonged to her grandmother, was caught up by a chaplet of orange blossoms.



MRS. REGINALD DUCAT AND HER BRIDESMAIDS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MISS ELIZABETH DUCAT AND MISS MILDRED GILLER, MARY BAYNE, CATHERINE RICE AND MILDRED FERN.

INSURE THEIR CAPTIVES

SOME DETECTIVES PROTECTED IF PRISONERS ESCAPE.

Lloyd's Took a Risk of \$5,000 on a Woman for Her Safe Conveyance From a London Jail to the Tombs. Sleuths Who Lost Jobs for Losing Prisoners.

"It is the belief of many persons," said the Headquarters detective who is known as the international sleuth because of his travels in many lands to bring back fugitive criminals, "that the job of chasing all over the world for crooks is the easiest and most delightful experience a detective can have. Take it or leave it, it is not. Sometimes it is so nerve tiring and exasperating that a detective who goes away with black hair comes home gray. Often it is a case of worry from the time you start after your man until you land him in prison here."

"It is not generally known, or perhaps it is better to say that the public has forgotten, that two detectives in this town who had good reputations lost their jobs because they lost their prisoners. It is not a pleasant thing for a detective who has served many years and has the prospect of a pension with a few years more of service to find that he is without a job because a tricky prisoner gave him the slip. The prisoner may be caught again, but that is likely to make little difference to the detective."

"What has been the result? Some detectives have become so careful that they insure their prisoners. Can it be done? Can you insure a monkey or the color of your hair? Of course, Lloyd's of London will do that. They will also let you have insurance on the safe delivery of a prisoner."

"Unless I am mistaken, the first detective to do this sort of thing was Berney Flood, who has been attached to the District Attorney's office for years and who has had experience in bringing back prisoners from all over the world. Flood knew what had happened to the two detectives who had let their prisoners get away from them and he also knew the difficulties often encountered in landing a prisoner in a cell here. So he decided that in the first difficult case that came his way he would take extraordinary precautions."

"Not long ago he was sent over to London to bring back Eleanor Lorraine Beattie, a vivacious young woman who was accused of swindling. She had been identified abroad by a caricature which had been made of her by one of the clerks in a store. Before leaving Flood was told that he would have to be very careful as his prisoner was a woman of resource and apt to discover some way to get away from him."

"Flood pondered over this, and going over on the boat the idea of insuring his prisoner was suggested by a conversation with a couple of Englishmen, who were telling him how Lloyd's would take a bet on how long the King or President Taft would live."

"If you even better than that," said one of the Englishmen to Flood, "they'll give you insurance that you will

safely return to America or that you won't."

"Instantly Flood got the notion that if they would insure him they would insure his prisoner. After he landed he went to the London jail where she was being held for extradition and had a talk with her. Then he went to the Lloyd's office."

"He told them what he wanted. He thought there would be a lot of fuss over such a proposition, but there was none at all. They took it as matter of course, all in the day's business. They asked him how much insurance he wanted to carry on his prisoner and he told them \$5,000. The premium they named was so small that Flood was surprised."

"The insurance covered the safe delivery of the prisoner from the London jail to the Tombs. Naturally there was a clause making the insurance void should the prisoner escape as the result of collusion with Flood. The Lloyd's people were pretty safe on that, however, for Flood was thinking of his job when he took the insurance and it was a certainty that he was going to make every effort to keep that prisoner from getting away."

"You may be certain that on the trip back Flood's mind was at ease, although that doesn't mean that he did not take every precaution. His prisoner was known as Miss Beattie on the ship, and she took part in most of the ship's amusements, as she was a clever entertainer and a good singer. None of the passengers knew that she was accompanied by a detective, at least nobody did until the boat was almost at these shores, and of course none of them was aware that the detective was carrying \$5,000 insurance on her. As I understand it, Flood paid the premium on that insurance out of his own pocket."

"I know," continued the usually reticent international sleuth, "that the persons who think that trips after prisoners are sinecures given only to favorites may feel that Flood was extremely careful. Well, he was, and it just shows what the modern detective is up to. From my own experience I know that it is often the hardest kind of job to get a prisoner back to the town where he was indicted. Very often a prisoner comes back without a fight, but the obstacles that a detective has to overcome are not always supplied by the prisoner."

"Take the case of the detective who was chased out to California after a prisoner. After a lot of trouble in getting the extradition warrant passed upon by the Governor following a lively fight by the prisoner the detective got his man on the train. He wasn't taking any chances at all. He not only had the prisoner shackled to the seat but he also had him handcuffed."

"Several passengers, including a couple of women, thought that this was an unnecessary piece of brutality and they protested. The detective refused to listen to them. The men took up the cause of the women and with the freedom of the West they told the detective what they thought of him. All the while the prisoner was playing the role of the martyr and asserting to the women principally, that he was innocent, and anyway in civilized countries a man was considered innocent until convicted."

"It was beginning to look pretty bad for the detective, as the men had become so warmed up that they were talking of shooting him, throwing him out of the train and letting the prisoner go. To all of this

the prisoner was careful to intimate that he detested any kind of being done to the detective, but he would like to be free, as he was innocent anyway."

"While this was going on the train began to rattle. Cars were jammed on the rails and suddenly the train stopped. The passengers were alarmed at once. All except the detective, who had been in such hot water that he was glad of the interruption. Cries came from the cars ahead and men began to stow money and valuables in their shoes and what they considered to be other convenient hiding places."

"It was a holding up, before the detective who had been badly rattled by the threatening attitude of the passengers, could make up his mind what he was going to do on the holdup. Question two of the bandits, who were masked, came into the car."

"They were very earnest and severe-looking persons in their masks, but when they saw the prisoner manacled to the seat and the detective they just laughed out loud. They were so amused that they stepped operations and jostled the detective. The other passengers naturally were much relieved when the bandits ceased to bother them and they actually applauded when the holdup men, after making a bluff at killing the detective, made him release him from his shackles."

"Then the bandits turned their attention to the rest of the car and got whatever was in sight. When they left with the customary fringe of shots they took the prisoner, who was smiling and no longer a prisoner, with them. What happened to him after that I do not know, but I remember that he was eventually rounded up. They all are a long way off, but that's small consolation to the detective."

"This particular incident recalls the case of Francis G. Bailey, president of the American Express Shipping Company, who got away with about \$50,000 worth of loot on the steamer Goldsboro, only to be captured in Honduras and to escape from Lieut. Peery, a master which cost Peery his job. It's strange enough to take a prisoner away from any foreign country, but when you get to the South or Central American countries, where there are many fugitives untrapped, it becomes still harder."

"Bailey got away from Peery, but of course that didn't mean that the New York detective force was through with Bailey. In fact they became busier than ever. Bailey's brother had been brought back from Honduras by Peery and he was in Sing Sing. Dave Wilbur, a Headquarters man, was told that he would be rewarded if he found out where Bailey had gone."

"As such things will happen, Wilbur learned that Bailey's brother in Sing Sing knew a young woman, a Long Island school teacher, and Wilbur decided that it was up to him to make the acquaintance of that young woman. He accomplished this successfully and one day he saw her mail a letter to Col. Edward Shannon Kirkcound, Whannock, British Columbia."

"It's an odd name," said the cunning Dave, and it's an odd place for this young woman to have a friend. I'll not ask her about it, but I'll go up to Whannock, wherever that may be, and look at this Col. Kirkcound person myself."

"And he did. It's not necessary to tell you that Col. Kirkcound was Bailey, who had bought about thirty-five acres of land, and he was telling it with a Japanese farm hand, when Wilbur introduced himself. Bailey was brought back and he is now in Sing Sing."

"Another detective had an interesting time bringing a fugitive back from Cody, Neb. The fugitive had skipped away from one of the hotels here after he had gambled away most of the money he had stolen. The detective learned that he was at Cody, which is named for Buffalo Bill, and he was sent with extradition papers for him."

He found his man enjoying a good

reputation as the steward of the local club. Perhaps he was the most popular man in town, for he was the only man who could throw together a good mixed drink. When the detective announced to the principal officer of the town that he came to take the drink mixer back to New York the official made a vigorous protest.

"What?" he said, "do you mean to deprive us of the society of the only man the town has ever had that could mix a drink and make it worth while?"

"The detective said he was sorry, and he showed his papers. The official knew that the extradition warrant would have to be honored, but he warned the detective that if the town got knowledge of what he was up to there was little chance of his getting his prisoner away."

"The detective also knew a great deal depended on the attitude assumed by the steward, so he went to him. Strangely enough when the steward learned that his visitor was a detective he didn't make a kick. In fact he told him he was so crazy to see Broadway again that he was willing to spend some time in jail. He even went so far as to warn the detective that his departure would have to be made quietly and as secretly as possible. Otherwise the natives would hold them up."

"There was a good deal of amusing jockeying before all the arrangements were made, and then the detective and his prisoner drove forty miles to another station in order that the people in the town, who had got an idea of what was going on, shouldn't intercept them."

"A sleuth who was not thoroughly up to his job got nicely fooled in London not long ago. He had been sent over to bring back a prisoner who wasn't of much consequence and while waiting for the boat he thought he would look around London and make a run into a crack, wanted here. Much to his joy one of the first persons he met on the Strand was a high roller who the detective knew had been engaged in swindling operations here and was wanted by the American police."

"Hello, Ollie," said the detective, calling the man's name. "Don't know you, you have the advantage, said Ollie, who was a suave person."

"Sure," replied Ollie. "Heard of you, of course, but what of it?" "Just this," said the detective, "you're wanted over there and I'm going to take you back with me."

"Take it easy, old top," said Ollie, who wasn't a bit flustered. "It's one thing to want me over there, but in the meantime the thing against me is written, and if you're not here I'll inform you that there is no extradition for extradition here and what he was doing there."

"He was right," said the detective, discovered when he consulted with Scotland Yard, which knew all about the presence in London of Ollie and what he was doing there. "It's never safe for a detective to take chances with a prisoner he's bringing home. They are very likely to do queer and unexpected things. One man who only had to face a charge that it was all a mistake and he would be let, because public sympathy was with him, jumped off a moving train and was killed. He didn't stand the prospect of being put in jail in his own town, although he knew that in a very few hours he would be free on bail."

NEW TRICK TO PAY AN OLD SCORE.

Lively Ending to a Poker Game in Which the Luck Had Been Seesawing.

"After a man has played poker all over the West," said the red haired sporting man, "he isn't likely to be very much surprised at anything that may happen in a full grown man's game."

"Mel be not," said the bartender, "but I played all night on a Mississippi River boat once and got up winner when the dummies came in to set the table for breakfast."

"You needn't have been," said the other coolly, "unless you were the only tenderfoot in the game, and if you had been it wouldn't have happened, so that bears out what I said."

"You do see queer things, though, when you are playing or even looking on," he went on hastily, while the bartender was trying to puzzle out his last saying. "And it's only because you got used to seeing almost anything that you don't get surprised. I thought I'd seen pretty near everything that was liable to happen, but there was a guy from New Orleans sprung a new one on me last night right here in New York."

"Straight flush against four?" asked the perfectly young fellow with great interest.

"I said it was a new one," said the red haired sport somewhat scornfully. "It wasn't a very big game, although there were two or three of the players who are liable to net up all they have on anything that looks good to them. The cards were not running particularly well, though, and I reckon they were all afraid of one another."

"Anyhow, the luck seesawed all the time and nobody went broke for a long while, though it was table stakes and they only bought a hundred ante for a starter. You know the kind of a game that is, just enough to keep you looking on in the hope that somebody will drop out and leave a seat for you, but not enough to get anybody excited."

"One thing that made me look for excitement was that Wiley was in the game, and this New Orleans guy was waiting, as I was, for a seat at the table. He calls himself Dunning now, but when I first ran across him in the South his name was Foster, and he and Wiley had been sworn foes."

"How it was they never came together I don't know, but they had threatened to shoot at sight, and though the shooting didn't happen I knew enough of the original quarrel to believe that no actual peace had been declared. More than that, I had seen the looks they exchanged when they met at Dunning's last night, and though I didn't expect to see any shooting here I felt sure there'd be some fun if they got together over the poker table."

"Both had the reputation of being particularly slick in handling the cards, but I wasn't looking for any crooked dealing from either of them in that game. There

soms. She wore a string of pearls and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and gardenias.

Mrs. Nathaniel Bingham of Louisville acted as matron of honor, wearing a gown of pink satin draped in pink chiffon. Her cap was also of pink chiffon, edged with pearls. She carried pink peonies. The flower girl was little Miss Eloise Gray of Morristown, N. J., who wore a costume of white and carried a basket of white marguerites. Harry Warren was his brother's best man. There were no ushers.

In the Church of the Heavenly Rest on last Thursday evening Miss Emily Nelson Ritchie McLean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLean, was married to Edward A. Gill Wyllie, a son of Dr. and Mrs. W. Gill Wyllie. Miss McLean was attended by the Misses Estelle M. Reilly, Robina Christian, Lucilla D. Wyllie, Caroline Fuller, Katrina Page-Brown and Betty M. Pouldin.

Mr. Wyllie's best man was Lawrence B. Robbins of Springfield, Mass. The ushers were William Houghteling of Chicago, Curtis Pratt of Natchez, N. J.; Charles G. Frisbie of Hartford, Conn.; Albert Ritchie, Ray Paige, Fritz G. Achelis, Sims Gill Wyllie and W. Gill Wyllie, Jr.

Mrs. Jerome Chase was before her marriage several weeks ago the daughter of Mrs. Conrad Stein of 327 West Fifty-

seventh street. Her attendants were the two little flower girls seen in the picture.

UNCLE HIRAM TO HIS NEPHEW.

Something to Be Learned From All Men of Whatever Rank or Calling.

"Stevy, my boy," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "I have never yet met anybody, rich or poor or high or low, or whatever his calling might be, from whom I couldn't learn something."

"What I want to impress on you, Stevy my boy, is that you don't want to restrict your associations to any one class or kind of men; don't live in a groove, get out and know all men, all sorts of men. Such association with men will broaden and help you and make you more kindly, a better friend and neighbor, and incidentally it will profit you greatly for it will vastly increase your store of winning knowledge."

"Somehow, Stevy, we always seem to come back to the profit end of the business, but we must be practical as well as ideal; we can't live unless we can pay the butcher."

Illustrating the Force of Habit. Lady carrying an open parasol walking down the Nassau street cañon.

were others at the table as slick as either of them ever dared to be, and Bonfield himself was playing. Nobody is going to try any funny business in Bonfield's when he's in the game. I knew that, and there wasn't a man in the room that didn't know it."

"Well, a poker game may go on a long time, as this one did, without anything happening that's worth while, especially when every man at the table is an expert. But it won't go on that way forever. The cards will come some time. So I was greatly cheered when after they had made a jackpot, and Bonfield himself had dealt, Wiley opened it for the size of it, and there was a scramble to get in. A man named Allen had first say after the deal, but he passed blind, and Wiley sat next."

"After Wiley opened the next man threw down his cards, but Hopper came in and Jack Smith trailed. Then the next man dropped and Bonfield trailed."

"That made four already in when Allen looked at his cards, and as Wiley had opened for the size of the pot there was \$35 in it, so Allen boosted it \$35. It looked like a pretty good thing."

"It was a little more than any of the four others who had stayed had in front of him, and of course as they were playing table stakes no one could go any further, but each of the four put up what he had left, and there was nothing to come but the draw and a showdown."

"Allen stood pat. Wiley took two cards. Hopper stood pat and Jack Smith and Bonfield each took two. There were good hands out, all round, but Wiley caught a pair to his three aces and scored the pot. That drove four more to the bonnyard and gave promise of excitement to come, for it looked as if the long run of poor cards was broken."

"I sat directly opposite me, behind Wiley, so I could see, though Wiley could not, a peculiarly malignant gleam in the New Orleans man's eye when he saw Wiley's luck. It didn't interest me any further, so I went on to confirm my thought that there would be some fun if Dunning should succeed in getting a seat."

"But he didn't get one. There was another game in the game after that, but though nearly everybody at the table was forced to buy, so that there was over \$500 in sight before the game broke up and I for one was anxiously looking for some one to get cold feet and give me a show at the pile, nobody quit."

"Wiley's luck held. He played a steady and it seemed to me a conservative game, considering that he was in luck for the rest of the house. I was greatly disappointed when the game broke up, as it didn't immediately, but they played no more."

"Didn't you tell what you had seen?" asked the perfectly young fellow, as the red haired man looked at him curiously. "I wasn't in the game," he said, "only with a string of his shoulders and his head, I never liked Wiley myself."

"He had picked up the deck and served all hands but himself, when Dunning burst in. I can't say I was greatly surprised at his doing it, for I had noticed that his face had grown darker and darker as Wiley kept winning, and he looked as if he was ready to explode, but the trick he played was certainly a new one. New to me, that is, and it sure was clever."

"Wiley said he would take two cards, but before he could separate them from the deck Dunning leaped over from behind and passing his right arm around Wiley's neck, caught him in a garotte hold. I haven't seen anything like it for forty years, but it was a favorite trick with the strong arm men when I was, and I thought Wiley's neck caught him in a garotte hold at the very instant I wouldn't have seen him pick up a card from the table as he threw his right hand forward, for his movement was quicker than lightning, but I did see it, and I understood it a moment later."

"As he seized Wiley with his right arm he passed his own left hand around and caught Wiley's wrist. Then he stood, holding his man as if in a vise, and said coolly, 'Somebody better count the cards in that deck.'"

"Of course, Wiley was struggling like a wild cat, but he couldn't loosen his right hand caught as it was, and though he dropped the deck and tore at Dunning's garotte hold with his left he was powerless."

"The others were astonished, of course, but Bonfield counted the cards and found fifty-one only. Then Dunning loosened his hold with another lightning-like movement, and pulled an ace out of Wiley's left sleeve. At least it looked as if he did, and he threw the ace on the table. It was the missing card."

"Wiley staggered to his feet and would have sprung at Dunning, but some of the others seized him and Bonfield said, 'That's ugly. I discarded that ace myself.'"

"Well, as I said, it was a new one on me, and I wouldn't have believed that Dunning or anybody else could do it if he didn't see the whole thing myself, but he played it perfectly, and though Wiley raved like a madman, Bonfield had him thrown out of the house. I was greatly disappointed when the game broke up, as it didn't immediately, but they played no more."

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Bottomless Tarpon Spring. From the Manufacture of the Tarpon. The great body of water which is the name to Tarpon Springs, Fla., is classed by all of the old citizens as bottomless. The centre appears to be a hole curled with jagged rocks. Sometimes the weight has lodged and dropped on to the extent of the sound in the spring. Many citizens say that they know the depth to be in excess of 200, 300 and 400 feet.

Once, when a depth of 200 feet was reached, an obstruction was encountered, then it was dislodged, dropped on farther, and the line broke. A very heavy weight has to be used on account of the depth, and when divers are sent down in the spring, as they have been recently, they report the same great jagged hole, which so far as they can find out, is without bottom.

The spring is supposed to be the principal outlet of that beautiful Lake Butler which lies just a mile east of the town. Tidewater comes up into the spring and it has acquired the name because it was the playground of the silvered king of fish, the tarpon.